

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO  
THE HAUNT OF  
FEAR

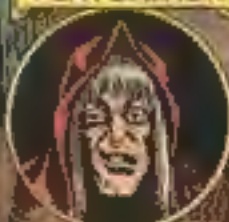


100%



10

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

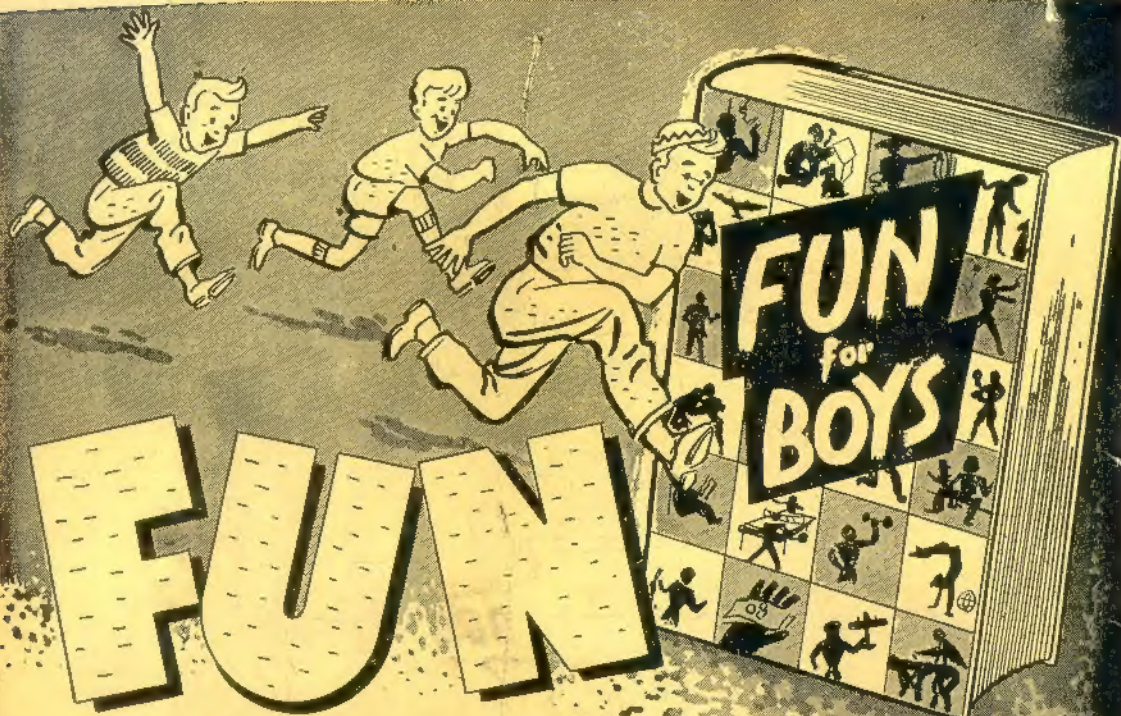


THE CRYPT-KEEPER



HOSTILE





# FUN

## for boys and girls

**14 wonder books all in one!**  
**221 Pages full of lively fun!**

Hundreds of drawings that show you how to do things. Scores of descriptions, secrets, ideas, suggestions, surprises, wonders!

There's no end to the fun you can have with this entertaining book. It's great for a crowd or just your own amusement. You'll be the envy of every boy in the neighborhood. Well printed, with a bright, exciting cover.

**THE DOMINION MAIL ORDER AGENCY,**  
 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto 9, Canada.

**ONLY \$1.49. MONEY BACK**  
**IF NOT SATISFIED**

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

**DOMINION MAIL ORDER AGENCY**  
 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ontario

- ☐ O.K. Send me Prepaid Fun For Boys. I enclose \$1.49 in full payment.
- ☐ Send it C.O.D. I will pay Postman plus postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PROV. \_\_\_\_\_

IF you enclose \$1.50 with order, we will repay all delivery charges.


- How to become a ventriloquist
- How to become a cartoonist
- 101 plans for earning money
- How to develop better muscles
- How to perform acrobatic stunts
- How to train your dog and teach him tricks
- Directions for building many useful articles
- Full instructions for building model planes
- A list of fine books for every boy to read
- How to handle a rope like a cowboy. Tricks with a lariat
- How to play ping pong like a champion. Simple lessons
- How to protect yourself by using famed jiu-jitsu grips
- Magic tricks that will amuse and mystify all
- How to use the punching bag like a real expert
- How to recognize and spot various types of aircraft
- Boxing for self-defense. A full course of instruction.




# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I SEE BY YOUR PALE WIDE-EYED PUSS THAT YOU MANAGED TO SCROUNGE A DIME FOR MY MAD-MAG! WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH ALL RIGHT! YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH*... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! SEE? ALREADY MY CAULDRON IS BUBBLING AND BOILING WITH ITS REEKING BREW OF STARK TERROR! COME IN AND I'LL SERVE YOU UP A SAMPLE! GOT YOUR DROOL-CUPS FASTENED? GOOD! HERE GOES WITH THE HORROR-HELPING I CALL...

## OOZE IN THE CELLAR?



SILAS THORNTON UNLATCHED THE CELLAR DOOR AND SWUNG IT OPEN! THE MUSTY ODOR OF DAMPNESS AND DECAY WAFTED UPWARD! SILAS'S WIFE, EMILY, SIGHED AS HER AGING HUSBAND STARTED DOWN THE CREAKING STEPS WITH THE CARTON OF OLD CLOTHES IN HIS ARMS...



PLEASE, SILAS! THE CELLAR IS SO CLUTTERED ALREADY! PERHAPS THE MATRONS OF THE CO-~~UN~~AGE NEXT DOOR COULD USE THE CLOTHES! WHY SAVE THEM?

IN THIS HOUSE, WE DON'T THROW AWAY ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE USEFUL, EMILY! NEVER CAN TELL WHEN YOU MIGHT NEED SOME OLD RAGS!





SILAS REACHED THE FOOT OF THE STEPS AND LOOKED ABOUT! THE CELLAR WAS INDEED CLUTTERED! THIRTY YEARS THEY'D LIVED IN THE HOUSE, AND FOR THIRTY YEARS THE COLLECTION IN THE CELLAR HAD GROWN! A NARROW PASSAGE LEADING TO THE FURNACE WAS THE ONLY SPACE NOT FILLED! SILAS MOVED ALONG THE AISLE SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO STORE THE CARTON! EMILY'S VOICE DRIFTED DOWN TO HIM

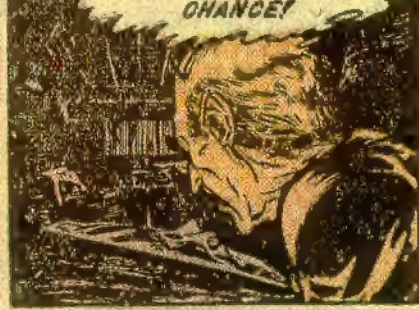
THAT CELLAR IS A SHAME, SILAS...  
A SHAME! IT... IT SMELLS  
FROM ALL THE JUNK DOWN THERE!  
IT SHOULD BE THROWN OUT...ALL  
OF IT!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS,  
EMILY! I'M NOT THROWING  
ANYTHING OUT!



BEYOND THE CELLAR WINDOW, SO COVERED WITH DUST AND DIRT THAT SILAS COULD NO LONGER SEE THROUGH, VOICES AND LAUGHTER OF YOUNG CHILDREN AT PLAY ECHOED INTO THE SUNNY SUMMER AIR...

BLASTED BRATS! THEY'D  
BE GRABBIN' AT EVERYTHING  
WITH THEIR GREASY LITTLE  
PAWS IF THEY HAD THE  
CHANCE!



SILAS'S GLANCE SWEEP ACROSS THE PILED-HIGH CELLAR! HERE AN OLD CANARY CAGE RUSTED, THERE A BROKEN PHONOGRAPH WITH ITS ANCIENT HORN-SPEAKER YAWNED...MAGAZINES, BOOKS, AND PAPERS LAY STACKED CRAZILY, COLUMN AFTER COLUMN...BUNDLES OF OLD CLOTHES, MILDEWEDED AND MOTH-EATEN, ROTTED SILENTLY...AN OLD STUFFED CHAIR, SOGGY AND DECAYING, SQUATTED LADEN WITH EMPTY BOTTLES AND JARS...

WHY SHOULD THEY HAVE IT?  
I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR ALL THIS  
STUFF! IF I CAN'T SELL IT...I'M NOT  
GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY!



OLD LAMPS RUSTED ON DUST LADEN TABLES... CARTONS OF LEFT-OVER WALL PAPER ROLLS SAGGED BESIDE BUCKETS OF PAINT, LONG-SINCE HARDENED... BROKEN SPRINGS AND TORN MATTRESSES, THEIR STUFFINGS POKING THROUGH, STOOD JAMMED AGAINST OLD TRUNKS PACKED WITH OLD FORGOTTEN ARTICLES! SILAS PUT THE CARTON OF OLD CLOTHES DOWN ON A MOUND OF WORN DISCARDED SHOES...

CAN'T TELL! SOMEDAY I MIGHT  
NEED SOMETHIN' DOWN HERE!



SILAS TURNED AND MOVED BACK ACROSS THE DIRT CELLAR FLOOR AND UP THE RICKETY STEPS! OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, EMILY STOOD AT THE SPIKED FENCE. SILAS HAD PUT UP TO KEEP THE ORPHAN CHILDREN OFF HIS PROPERTY! THEY CROWDED AROUND HER, CLAMORING...

EMILY!

OH! ER...YES, SILAS!  
EXCUSE ME, CHILDREN!



SILAS'S FACE WAS PURPLE WITH RAGE AS EMILY CAME INTO THE HOUSE...

WHAT WERE  
YOU GIVING  
THOSE BRATS?

JUST SOME  
APPLES  
THAT HAD  
FALLEN  
FROM THE  
TREE, SILAS!  
WE CAN'T  
EAT THEM  
ALL!



THEN GET SOME  
JARS FROM THE  
CELLAR AND CAN  
THEM! SAVE 'EM!  
WE DON'T GIVE  
AWAY FOOD!

YES,  
SILAS!





THE CHILDREN AT THE ORPHANAGE KNEW ALL ABOUT THE COLLECTION IN SILAS'S CELLAR! ONCE, LONG AGO, ONE OF THE BRAVER BOYS HAD CLIMBED THE FENCE AND PEERED IN THROUGH THE DIRTY WINDOW! HIS TALE OF THE FABULOUS TREASURES STORED THERE HAD BEEN MAGNIFIED THROUGH THE YEARS...

AND A SHINEY NEW PHONOGRAPH THAT'S NEVER EVEN BEEN PLAYED!

GOLLY! I WISH HE'D GIVE IT TO US! I LIKE TO HEAR MUSIC!

THE RAGGED CONDITION OF THE CLOTHES THE ORPHANS WERE DRESSED IN MADE SILAS'S CELLAR SOUND SO WONDERFUL...

BUNDLES OF CLOTHES... IN ALL COLORS... NEVER BEEN WORN! AND SHOES... PAIRS AND PAIRS OF POLISHED, GLEAMING SHOES!

GEE! WE COULD CERTAINLY USE THEM! LOOK... AT... SOB... MY SHOES!



FROM THE CHILDREN'S GOS-SIPING, EVEN THE MATRONS OF THE ORPHANAGE WONDERED ABOUT SILAS'S CELLAR...

ONCE THEY'D EVEN GONE TO SILAS... TO ASK HIM IF HE'D GIVE THEM THE THINGS HE NO LONGER USED... THINGS THEY NEEDED SO DESPERATELY...

AND THE CHILDREN HAD FOUND OUT ABOUT THE RECEPTION SILAS HAD GIVEN THE WOMEN THAT RAN THE ORPHANAGE...

AND HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE EVEN NICE FURNITURE DOWN THERE!

MY! WE DO NEED FURNITURE BADLY!

GET OUT! GET OUT, YOU OLD HAGS!

DEAR, DEAR! WHAT AN UNCOUTH PERSON!

STINGY OLD MAN!

MISER!

GET AWAY FROM THAT FENCE!



EACH FALL, THE APPLE TREE IN SILAS'S GARDEN BENT UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE SUCCULENT RED FRUIT! BUT SILAS REFUSED TO PART WITH ANY OF IT! IN THE CELLAR, JARS AND JARS OF HOME-CANNED APPLES LINED A COB-WEBBY SHELF...

WHEN SILAS WAS NOT AROUND, THE CHILDREN WOULD BEG EMILY TO INTERCEDE... TO MAKE SILAS GIVE THEM THE THINGS THAT HE'D HOARDED...

BUT, SILAS! WE'LL NEVER USE UP THE APPLES I'VE ALREADY CANNED!

CAN'T TELL! BETTER'N GIVIN' 'EM AWAY!

NO, CHILDREN! YOU'RE WRONG! THE THINGS THAT WE HAVE IN THE CELLAR ARE OLD! THEY'RE WORN AND RUSTED! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THEM!

AW! YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM! YOU'RE A MISER, TOO!



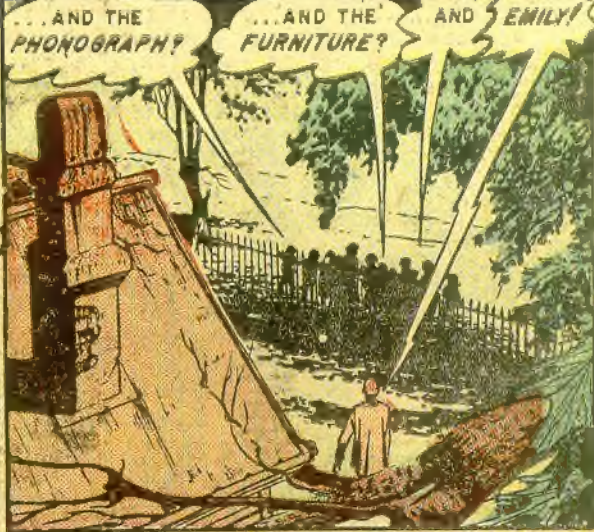


AND SO, THROUGH THE YEARS, AS THE CELLAR FILLED UP, EVEN EMILY CAME TO BELIEVE THAT THE JUNK IN THE CELLAR SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE CHILDREN! SHE RESENTED BEING CLASSED WITH HER FRUGAL HUSBAND AS A MISER! THAT'S WHY SHE BEGAN TO SLIP THE APPLES TO THE CHILDREN WHEN SILAS WAS NOT AROUND...

MMMM! THEY'RE DELICIOUS, MRS. THORNTON!

WHAT ABOUT THE CLOTHES, MRS. THORNTON?

...AND THE SHOES?



...AND THE PHONOGRAPH?

...AND THE FURNITURE?

AND EMILY!

AND NOW SILAS HAD CAUGHT HER AT THE FENCE...GIVING THE CHILDREN THE RIPE RED APPLES! AND HE'D YELLED AT HER...

WE DON'T GIVE FOOD AWAY!

YES, SILAS!



EMILY SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY COOKING THE APPLES AND PREPARING THEM FOR CANNING! TOWARD EVENING SHE WENT DOWN INTO THE CELLAR FOR THE JARS! SHE GAZED ABOUT AT THE ARRAY OF JUNK WITH TEAR-FILLED EYES...

THE CLOTHES...SOB...AND THE SHOES...SOB...AND THE PHONOGRAPH...



EMILY'S FACE WAS PALE, NOW! HER EYES WERE WIDE AND STARING! SHE RAN HER FINGERS OVER THE PHONOGRAPH HORN, TRACING TRACKS THROUGH THE DUST...

THE CHILDREN WOULD BE SO HAPPY...SO HAPPY!



ABOUT SUPPER TIME, SILAS MISSED EMILY! HE SEARCHED THE HOUSE FOR HER, FINALLY COMING UPON THE OPEN CELLAR DOOR...

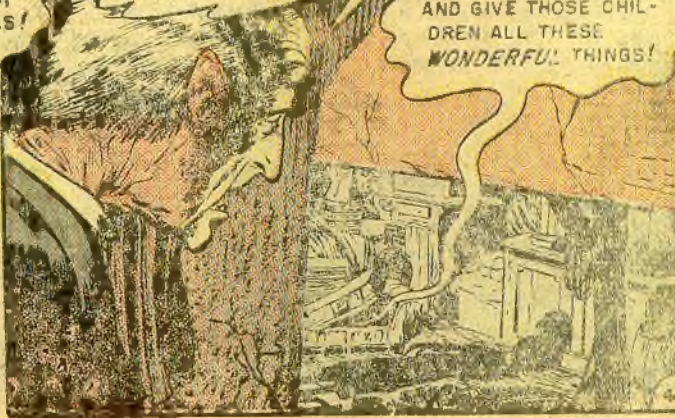


EMILY? YOU DOWN THERE?

YES, SILAS!

WELL, COME UP, D'Y'HEAR? IT'S SUPPER TIME! I'M HUNGRY!

I'M NOT COMING UP, SILAS! NOT UNTIL YOU EMPTY THIS CELLAR AND GIVE THOSE CHILDREN ALL THESE WONDERFUL THINGS!





YOU'RE CRAZY,  
EMILY! COME  
UP HERE... AT  
ONCE!

NO, SILAS!  
NOT UNTIL  
YOU DO AS  
I ASK!

SILAS EXPLODED! HE SLAM-  
MED THE CELLAR DOOR SHUT  
AND SLID THE BOLT CLOSED...  
THEN STAY  
DOWN THERE,  
YOU IDIOT!  
STAY THERE  
ALL NIGHT  
FOR ALL I  
CARE!

I WILL, SILAS!  
YOU'LL SEE!  
I'LL COME UP  
WHEN YOU  
PROMISE!

SILAS ATE COOKED APPLES  
FOR SUPPER THAT NIGHT! HE  
LISTENED FOR EMILY'S KNOCK...  
FOR SOME SIGN THAT SHE'D  
RELENTED... BUT NONE CAME...

EMILY? I'M NOT UNTIL  
GOING TO BED! YOU AGREE,  
ARE YOU COM- SILAS!  
ING UP?

SILAS STORMED OFF TO BED! HE WAS DETER-  
MINED NOW TO TEACH EMILY A LESSON! IN  
THE MORNING HE ATE MORE COOKED APPLES  
FOR BREAKFAST... LISTENING AT THE CELLAR  
DOOR! NO SOUND CAME! FINALLY, HE COULD  
STAND IT NO LONGER! HE UNBOLTED IT AND  
SWUNG IT OPEN...

EMILY! IF YOU DON'T COME UP  
RIGHT NOW, I'M COMING DOWN  
TO GET YOU!

EMILY DID NOT ANSWER! A FETID ODOR  
BURNED SILAS'S NOSTRILS! HE CALLED  
AGAIN! STILL NO ANSWER! HE SHOUTED  
ANGRILY...

EMILY! STOP PLAYING!  
ANSWER ME!

A RAT SCURRIED ACROSS THE CELLAR FLOOR!  
THE STAIRS CREAKED AN OBJECTION AS SILAS  
DESCENDED SLOWLY...

EMILY! SO HELP ME... I'LL...  
GOOD LORD!

EMILY WAS DEAD! AN OPENED JAR OF HOME-  
CANNED FOOD LAY BESIDE HER CHALK-  
WHITE BODY! ITS CONTENTS HAD BEEN  
HALF EATEN! THE ACID SMELL WAS STRONG!  
IT CAME FROM THE JAR...

THE FOOD! IT... IT SPOILED!  
SHE'S BEEN POISONED!  
SHE... SHE'S DEAD!



FEAR CLUTCHED AT SILAS'S HEART! HOW COULD HE EXPLAIN EMILY'S DEATH? THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! SILAS GOT A SPADE AND DUG A SHALLOW GRAVE IN THE BARE PASSAGEWAY, BETWEEN THE PILES OF JUNK...

I'LL SAY SHE WENT ON A TRIP! NO! SHE LEFT ME...



SILAS DRAGGED EMILY'S BODY TO HER CELLAR GRAVE AND PUSHED HER IN! HE PITCHED THE CRAWLING DIRT DOWN UPON HER WHITE FACE.

THAT'S IT! SHE LEFT ME! SHE GOT DISGUSTED WITH THE WAY I KEPT THE CELLAR!



AND SO, EMILY'S BODY WAS ADDED TO THE CLUTTER OF JUNK THAT FILLED THE CELLAR! OTHER BODIES WERE THERE, TOO! THE REMAINS OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOUSE THAT HAD FEASTED ON POISONED RODENT-KILLER AND HAD CRAWLED INTO A PILE OF EMPTY CANS ROTTED THERE...



IN SILAS'S CLUMSY EFFORTS TO BURY POOR EMILY, HE'D KICKED OVER THE SPOILED JAR OF FOOD! HE'D LEFT IT LAY AND A STRAY CAT THAT HAD WANDERED INTO THE CELLAR BY SOME OBSCURE OPENING HAD TASTED THE SPILLED CONTENTS! IT, TOO, LAY DECAYING UNDER A WORM-EATEN PILLOW...



SILAS RARELY CAME DOWN TO THE CELLAR AFTER EMILY'S DEATH! THE SICKENING STENCH FROM BELOW GREW STRONGER AND STRONGER! AS WINTER DREW NEAR AND THE HOUSE GREW COLD, SILAS WAS FORGED TO GO DOWN TO START THE FURNACE...



PREH! I OUGHT TO GET SOME QUICK-LIME AND SPREAD IT OVER THE SPOT WHERE I BURIED EMILY!

THE FURNACE WAS FAULTY... ITS BOILER LEAKED! A STEADY DRIP-DRIP-DRIP OF WARM WATER RAN DOWN FROM IT... ALONG THE SOIL-FLOOR PASSAGE... AND SEEPED INTO THE GROUND NEAR EMILY'S GRAVE...

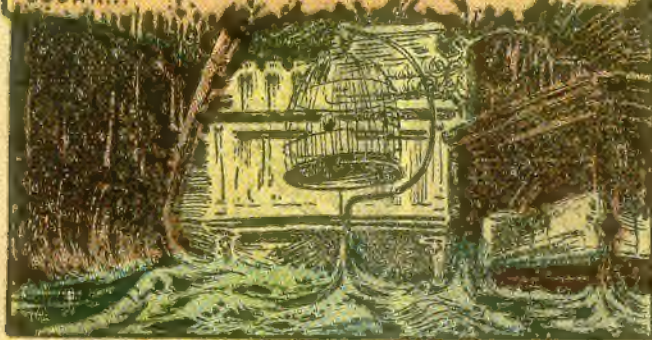


AND SOMEHOW... AS IN A PREHISTORIC SWAMP, LONG, LONG AGO... THE WARMTH OF THE FURNACE, THE MOISTURE, THE DECAYING JUNK, THE ROTTED REMAINS OF CAT, MOUSE, AND EMILY... ALL OF THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN CONDITIONS NEEDED FOR THE CREATION OF LIVING MATTER CAME ABOUT! A SMALL PULSATING POOL OF QUIVERING LIFE SPREAD OVER THE DANK CROWDED CELLAR FLOOR...





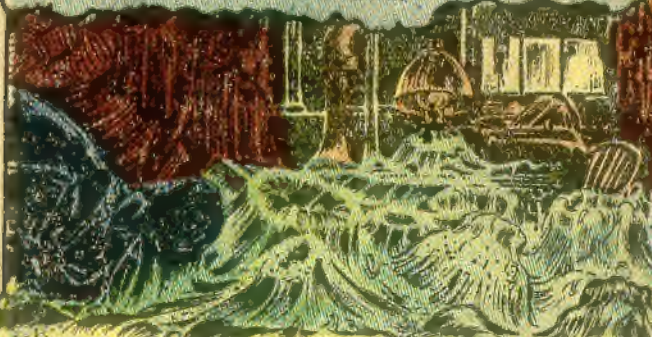
LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE THROBBING THING ABSORBED THE JUNK AROUND IT! THE OLD CANARY CAGE SUNK SLOWLY INTO THE LIVID, GULPING MASS, DISSOLVING AS IF IT WERE MADE OF SPUN SUGAR...



THE PILES AND PILES OF MAGAZINES AND BOOKS SLIPPED INTO THE SUCKING BLOB AND DISAPPEARED...INTERGRATED INTO IT! THE PHONOGRAPH...



...THE BUNDLES OF OLD CLOTHES...THE DECAYING CHAIR...THE BOTTLES AND JARS... ALL MELTED AWAY! AND THE THING GREW...



THE RUSTED LAMPS...THE BROKEN SPRINGS AND TORN MATTRESSES...THE BUCKETS OF DRIED PAINT AND MILDEWED WALL PAPER...THE TRUNKS! THE GROWING, QUIVERING MASS SWALLOWED THEM ALL...



THE SHOES...THE OLD RUB... THE CARTONS...EVERYTHING! THE CELLAR...THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THE CELLAR WAS FUSED INTO ONE SHIVERING, VIBRATING MASS OF LIVING OOZE...



AND STILL IT CONTINUED TO GROW! THE CELLAR STAIRS WENT NEXT! THE GULPING PASTY MASS SUCKED THEM IN AS FAR UP AS IT COULD REACH! THE PILLARS THAT HELD THE STAIRS HUNG CRAZILY, TOO...THEIR BASES ABSORBED OUT FROM UNDER THEM...



UPSTAIRS, SILAS SHUDDERED. A CRAWLING SENSATION OF HORROR CREEPT UP HIS SPINE! HE STOOD UP! HE STARED AT THE CELLAR DOOR! FROM BEYOND IT, A RUSTLING, ROLLING SOUND CAME THROUGH...

SOMETHING...SOMETHING'S DOWN THERE! SOMETHING MOVING! SOMETHING ALIVE!





SILAS UNBOLTED THE CELLAR DOOR AND FLUNG IT OPEN! HE STARED INTO THE DARKNESS BELOW HIM...  
WHO...WHO'S DOWN THERE?



HE TOOK THE KEROSENE LAMP FROM ITS HOOK ON THE WALL AND LIT IT! ITS EERIE GLOW REFLECTED UPWARD FROM THE THROBBING, PULSATING THING DOWNSTAIRS...

WHAT...WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S DOWN THERE?



SILAS TOOK ONE STEP DOWNWARD! HIS WEIGHT SPLINTERED THE UNSUPPORTED STAIRS! AS HE FELL FORWARD, HE SCREAMED HYSTERICALLY...



THE THING ENVELOPED SILAS...DISSOLVING THE FLESH FROM HIS BONES! HIS SHRIEKS OF PAIN DIED TO A WHIMPER AND THEN SIGNED TO SILENCE! SILAS'S CLAWING CLUTCHING HAND WAS LAST TO SINK SLOWLY INTO THE QUIVERING GOO...

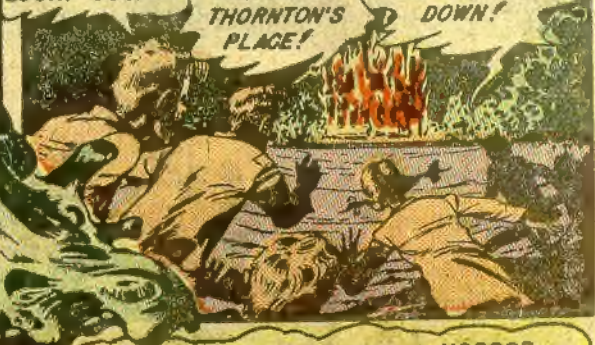


THE KEROSENE LAMP SPILLED ITS INFLAMMABLE CONTENTS OUT OVER THE LIVING CELLAR POOL AND IT BEGAN TO BLAZE! A NAUSEATING ODOR OF SEARED, CHARRED FLESH FILLED THE HOUSE! SOON THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE WAS ABLAZE...THE HOT FLAMES LEAPING WILDLY...

LOOK! GOLLY!

OLD MISER THORNTON'S PLACE!

IT'S BURNING DOWN!



IN THE MORNING, ONLY A BLACKENED SKELETON OF THE HOUSE REMAINED! EVERYTHING WITHIN HAD BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED! THE CHILDREN OF THE ORPHANAGE PEERED AT IT THROUGH THE SPIKED FENCE...SAD-EYED...

GEE! ALL THOSE WONDERFUL THINGS IN HIS CELLAR!

...BURNED UP! GONE!

AND WE COULD HAVE USED THEM, TOO!

HEE, HEE! THAT'S MY SERVING OF HORROR, KIDDIES! I HOPE IT WAS TASTY ENOUGH FOR YOU! SO POOR OLD SILAS FINALLY WOUND UP AS PART OF THE JUNK IN HIS CELLAR, EH? HE MADE A TRASH OF HIMSELF...IN THE END! HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S WHAT HE DISSOLVED! OH, BY THE WAY! YOUR KNEES WILL DISSOLVE WHEN YOU GET MY 5X7 ACTUAL PHOTO! READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE, TO FIND OUT HOW TO GET IT! AND NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT OLD GARBAGE COLLECTOR, THE VAULT-KEEPER! HE'S WAITING WITH A SAMPLE FROM HIS COLLECTION! SEE YOU LATER!





# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! THIS IS YOUR HOST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR... THE VAULT-KEEPER... SPOOKING! NOW THAT THE OLD WITCH HAS FINISHED WITH HER PANTY-WAIST YARN... (CELLARS! PWEH!)... I'LL TELL YOU A REAL HORROR STORY! THIS IS ONE THAT WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND RIGHT UP ON END (IF YOU HAVE ANY LEFT! (STEADY E C READERS DON'T))! IT WAS TOLD TO ME BY A RATHER 'ATTRACTIVE' YOUNG WOMAN! HERE IT IS IN HER OWN WORDS! SHE CALLS THIS SHIVERY TALE...

## THE ACID TEST!



FLORENCE BLAIR! THAT'S MY NAME! I MARRIED CEDRIC BLAIR TWO YEARS AGO! HE MADE A BIG FUSS OVER ME AFTER WE WERE INTRODUCED, AND WHEN HE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, I CONSENTED! I GUESS HE INFLATED MY FEMALE EGO WITH HIS DEVOTION! ANYWAY HE WAS THE ONLY JERK WHO'D EVER POPPED THE QUESTION, AND I WAS SICK AND TIRED OF SCRATCHING A STENO PAD AT THE TIME... SO WE GOT HITCHED...

NO MORE WORKING FOR YOU, FLORENCE! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE THE BREADWINNER! YOU JUST STAY HOME AND TAKE IT EASY!

CEDRIC, DEAR!  
YOU'RE SO  
CONSIDERATE!





YEAH, HE WAS CONSIDERATE, ALL RIGHT! SO D S S ST  
INGLY CONSIDERATE THAT AFTER A COUPLE OF MONTHS  
OF MARRIAGE, HIS SLUSHY ATTENTION BEGAN TO GRATE  
ON MY NERVES! HE WAS THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN  
THE SLOB! HE TREATED ME AS IF I WAS ABOUT TO  
HAVE A BABY THE FOLLOWING WEEK

WAIT, MONEY! DON'T SIT DOWN  
YET! LET ME GET YOU A CUSHION!

OH THANK  
YOU DEAR!



OH, SURE! AT FIRST IT WAS REAL NICE! HE'D  
STAY AROUND THE APARTMENT GETTING ME  
WHATEVER I WANTED! ALL I'D HAVE TO DO WAS  
JUST CASUALLY MENTION IT

WHEW...IT'S HOT!  
MMMM! A COLD  
DRINK'D SURE HIT  
THE SPOT RIGHT  
NOW!

WOULD YOU LIKE ONE,  
SWEETHEART! I'LL GET  
IT FOR YOU! JUST YOU  
SIT RIGHT THERE!



YOU'RE PROBABLY SNEERING,  
SAYING, 'WHAT'S THIS BROAD COM-  
PLAINING ABOUT? SOME WOMEN  
WOULD GIVE THEIR LEFT ARM  
FOR A HUSBAND LIKE THAT!'!  
WELL, TAKE IT FROM ME KID! IT  
CAN BORE YOU, IT CAN BORE YOU  
STIFF

IS IT TOO HOT  
FOR YOU, LAMB  
PIE? SHALL I  
GET THE FAN?

AW, NEVER  
M'D GERN!!



YOU JUST GO RIGHT  
INTO THE LIVING  
ROOM AND REST,  
BABY! I'LL DO  
THE DISHES  
TONIGHT!

THANKS

YOU  
OYVB  
SLOB!



TOO COOL FOR YOU,  
SUGAR? CAN I GET  
YOU A SHAWLP?  
TURN UP THE  
HEAT? HUH?

1 2 3  
4...5...6...  
OH...LORD!



'OH, CORC'S RIGHT! AFTER A WHILE HE JUST  
STARTED TO RUB ME THE WRONG WAY! HE HOVERED  
ABOUT ME LIKE A MOSQUITO...DOING THIS...GETTING  
THAT! SOMETIMES I JUST GRITTED MY TEETH AND  
PRAYED HE'D HAUL OFF AND SOAK ME ONE JUST  
FOR A CHANGE...

SHIES HURT DARN!  
CAN I GET YOU YOUR BED-  
ROOM SLIPPERS? HUH?  
IS THERE ANYTHING  
YOU WANT?

YEAH! LET ME SIT THERE  
AN SHUT UP YOU  
JERK!  
NO, I'VE GOT NOTHING!



IT GOT SO I USED TO PROVOKE ARGUMENTS WITH HIM  
ANYTHING FOR A LITTLE DIVERSION! BUT EVEN THAT  
DIDN'T WORK! HE'D GLAM UP WHILE I RAVED AND THEN  
COM' UP TO ME SM ELEGANTLY AND (I COUL'D VE  
KILLED HIM FOR IT), APOLOGIZE

I WAS WRONG, FLORENCE!  
I'LL ARGUE! I'LL  
FORGIVE ME, PLEASE?

CRAY! OKAY!

HE JERK! HE  
DIDN'T EVEN DO  
ANYTHING!





IT WAS LIKE THAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR! ON OUR ANNIVERSARY HE BROUGHT ME A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND WE SAT AROUND ALL NIGHT... HIM WISTFULLY REVIEWING EVERY DELIGHTFUL MOMENT OF OUR PAST YEAR TOGETHER... AND ME DYING BY DEGREES.

...AND THE TIME YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE MILK IN 'SIX QUARTS' ALL SOUR!

FOR GODS SAKE, CEDRIC!

MOM?

SHUT UP!

FLORENCE? WHAT'S WRONG?

LOOK AT US! WE NEVER GO ANYWHERE! WE JUST SIT HERE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT!

THAT'S ALL I HAD TO SAY! AFTER THAT HE STARTED TAKING ME OUT... TWICE... SOMETIMES THREE TIMES A WEEK! THE NIGHT OUT USUALLY CONSISTED OF A TWO-BIT MOVIE SHOW AND ICE CREAM IN A TEEN-AGER-JAMMED FOUNTAIN AFTERWARDS 'TWO MONTHS OF THAT WAS ABOUT ALL I COULD STAND...

WHY, FLORENCE! IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT! YOU'RE NOT DRESSED!

AREN'T YOU CLEVER?

AREN'T WE GOING OUT?

NOT ME, BUSTER! NOT TO ANOTHER OF THOSE MISERABLE MOVIES! I'M SICK OF THEM! DO YOU HEAR? SICK OF THEM!

BUT DO YOU THINK HE GOT MAD? DO YOU THINK HE BLEW UP? OH, NO! NOT CEDRIC! NOT SWEET, DEVOTED, LOVE-SICK CEDRIC! HE CAME OVER TO ME, PATTED MY CHEEK AFFECTIONATELY... (I HAD TO GLENCH MY FISTS SO'S NOT TO SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT AND CR BBLED... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A NIGHT BOARD SAFETIE PIE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING BEFORE THIS? WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO? JUST SAY THE WORD.

CLUB? A NIGHT CLUB?

HE TOOK ME TO THE CLUB AND WE HAD A GOOD PAYING THE CHECK THEY SAVED HIM A TM! I DIDN'T CARE! AT LEAST IT WAS A CHANGE...

IT MUST HAVE COST A LOT TONIGHT, HUH, CEDRIC?

IT DOESN'T MATTER, DEAREST! AS LONG AS YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF!

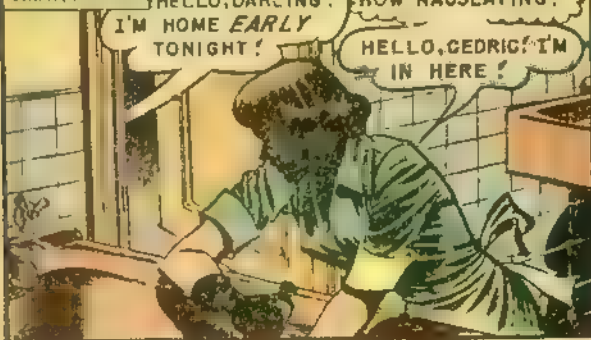


AND THEN IT HAPPENED! IT WAS ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO! I'D BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF MURIATIC ACID TO CLEAN SOME STAINS OFF THE BATHTUB! THAT STUFF IS **REALLY POWERFUL!** YOU HAVE TO USE RUBBER GLOVES OR IT'LL **BURN YOUR SKIN OFF!** ANYWAY, THERE I WAS, SCRUBBING AWAY, WHEN...

HELLO, DARLING! HOW NAUSEATING!

I'M HOME **EARLY** TONIGHT!

HELLO, GEDRIC! I'M IN HERE!



FLORENCE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? OH, DEAR! I **HATE** TO SEE YOU ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES LIKE THAT! HERE! LET ME DO IT!

COME ON! CUT IT! I'LL BE THROUGH SOON!



HERE, DARLING! GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE! I'LL FINISH UP! YOU GO REST!

LET GO, GEDRIC! I SAID I'LL BE THROUGH SOON!

YOU KNOW HOW I **DISLIKE** SEEING YOU WORK, LAMBHEY PIE! GIVE ME THE BOTTLE!

GEDRIC! SO HELP ME...



SUDDENLY I SAW RED! I LOOKED AT HIS GOKKER-SPANIEL FACE... WITH THOSE SAD EYES AND ANGELIC EXPRESSION... AND I SAW RED...

COME ON, SWEET! GIVE IT TO ME, NOW!

ALL RIGHT...



MY FACE WAS HOT! I COULD FEEL THE BLOOD POUNDING IN MY CHEEKS! ALL OF MY HATRED AND REPULSION TOWARD GEDRIC WELLED UP INSIDE ME AND FINALLY EXPLODED! I FLUNG THE OPEN BOTTLE OF ACID INTO THAT DISGUSTING, PASTY, DRY-SMILING FACE...

HERE! TAKE IT!

TAKE IT!

FLORENCE!



LORD, HE SCREAMED! THE STUFF WENT INTO HIS EYES... DRIPPED DOWN HIS CHEEKS... FROTHED ON HIS LIPS! HE FELL ON HIS KNEES, STARING AT ME WITH BLOODSHOT EYES, AND SCREAMED...





WHEN THE AMBULANCE CAME, THEY TOOK CEDRIC AWAY. I HEARD SOME TALK ABOUT DISFIGUREMENT AND BEING BLINDED FOR LIFE, BUT I WAS TOO DAZED TO UNDERSTAND! I FINALLY WAS JOLTED OUT OF MY SPINNING WORLD BY A HEAVY HAND ON MY SHOULDER...

C'MON ALONG, MRS. BLAIR!  
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THEY TOOK ME DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION AND BOOKED ME! THEY CHARGED ME WITH ASSAULT! THEY SAID I'D HAVE TO STAND TRIAL! THEN THEY PUT ME BEHIND BARS! A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, A GREASY LOOKING GUY CAME TO MY CELL...

GOOD EVENING, MRS. BLAIR! I'M YOUR LAWYER! I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED BY THE STATE TO DEFEND YOU!

GO ON... SCRAM!  
HOW YOU GONNA DEFEND ME? I DID IT, DIDN'T I?



HE GOT REAL CLOSE! I COULD SMELL THE LIQUOR ON HIS BREATH.

DON'T BE A FOOL, MRS. BLAIR! I'VE BEEN TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND... IN THE HOSPITAL!

I HOPE HE DROPS DEAD!



HE'S BADLY BURNED, BUT HE'S ALL RIGHT!

TOO BAD!



HE STILL LOVES YOU, MRS. BLAIR! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

HUH? HE HE MAYBE YOU'D BETTER START TALKING SENSE, BUDDY!



THE GREASY LAWYER TALKED! AND HE MADE GOOD SENSE! CEDRIC THE STUPID FOOL, COULDN'T BELIEVE I'D DASHED THE ACID IN HIS FACE ON PURPOSE! IN FACT, HE WAS GOING TO PLEAD FOR ME AT THE TRIAL...

HE WHAT? HE'S GOING TO ASK THEM TO LET ME OFF?

THAT'S RIGHT! HE THINKS IT WAS JUST A LITTLE TEMPER FLAIR-UP AND THE ACID WAS UNFORTUNATELY IN YOUR HANDS AT THE TIME!



CEDRIC! LOVE-SICK, DEVOTED, CONSIDERATE CEDRIC! HE JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT I HATED HIM ENOUGH TO SPLATTER HIM DELIBERATELY WITH ACID!

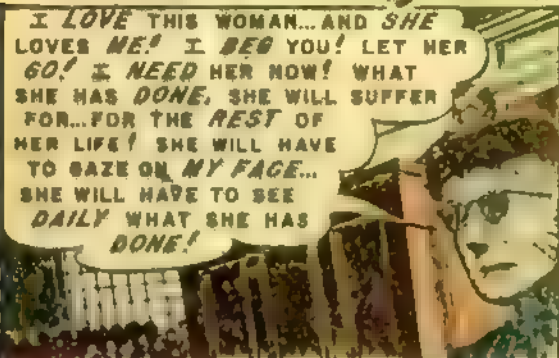
THE FOOL! THE IDIOT! I.

JUST PLAY ALONG, MRS. BLAIR! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ACT REPENTANT! SHOW THE JURY IT WAS JUST A LOVERS' QUARREL!

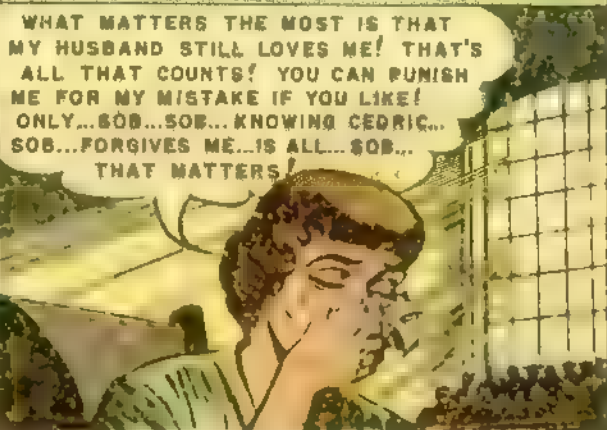




I DIDN'T RELISH THE THOUGHT OF GOING TO JAIL FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, SO I AGREED TO DO WHAT THE MOUTHPIECE WANTED! AT THE TRIAL, CEDRIC WAS SWARTHED IN BANDAGES! HE'D BEEN BRINDED BY THE ACID! BUT IT WAS THE SAME OLD SICKENING CEDRIC...



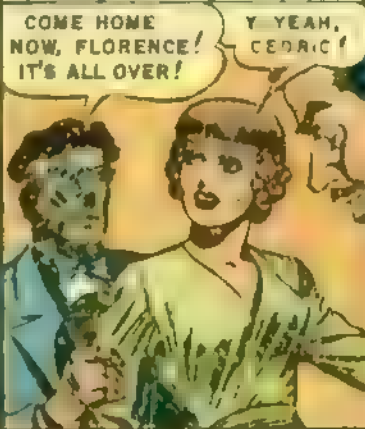
THE DUMB SLOB! AS IF I'D HANG AROUND ONCE I WAS ACQUITTED! BUT I PLAYED ALONG! I PUT ON A GOOD ACT...



THE AMBULANCE CHASER JUST KEPT NODDING HIS HEAD AND SMILING WHILE I POURED OUT THE TEARS! I WAS SENSATIONAL! WHY, ONE BROAD IN THE JURY EVEN STARTED TO BAWL, I WAS SO CONVINCING! WHEN THE VERDICT CAME IN...



THE LAWYER WAS SHAKING MY HAND AND CEDRIC WAS AT MY SIDE, STUMBLING AROUND, CLAWING AT MY SLEEVE...



I LOOKED AT THE LAWYER QUESTIONINGLY! HE BENT OVER AND WHISPERED...



WHEN WE GOT TO THE APARTMENT, CEDRIC SAT DOWN WEARILY, STARING BLANKLY AHEAD THROUGH THE SMOKED GLASSES TAPED ON HIS BANDAGED HEAD.



HE TOOK MY HAND IN HIS! A COLD SHIVER CRAWLED UP MY SPINE AT HIS GLAMMY TOUCH! I TRIED TO DRAW MY HAND AWAY, BUT HE HELD IT FAST! I NEVER KNEW HE WAS SO STRONG.





HE STARTED TO UNWIND THE BANDAGES WITH HIS FREE HAND! I LOOKED AWAY! HIS FINGERS DUG INTO MY WRISTS...

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ME, FLORENCE! I CAN TELL! LOOK AT ME! SEE WHAT YOU DID?

NO, CEDRIC! NO! I I



THEN I LOOKED! MY GOD, I LOOKED! I AM MOST THUMB UP AT WHAT I SAW! HIS FACE WAS HORRIBLY DISTORTED - HIS SKIN BURNED AND SKINNED - HIS EYES, TWO BLACK HOLES...

PRETTY, ISN'T IT, FLORENCE? TELL ME YOU STILL LOVE ME, FLORENCE! TELL ME!

CEDRIC! PLEASE! PLEASE!



HE PULLED ME TOWARD HIM! I WAS FILLED WITH LOATHING AND DISGUST! HIS BLISTERED LIPS WERE CLOSE TO MINE! I COULD ALMOST SMELL THE ACID-BURNED FLESH...

YOU TOLD THEM AT THE TRIAL YOU STILL LOVED ME! SHOW ME YOU DO! KISS ME!

CEDRIC! STOP IT! LET ME GO!



HE HELD MY HANDS IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP! I COULDN'T GET LOOSE! WITH HIS FREE HAND HE REACHED INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLED OUT A BOTTLE... A BOTTLE OF MURIATIC ACID...

DO YOU KNOW WHY I PLEADED FOR YOU AT THE TRIAL, FLORENCE? BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO PUT YOU IN JAIL! THEN I COULDN'T HAVE MY REVENGE!

CEDRIC! OH, LORD...



HE PUT THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE INTO HIS SCARRED DISFIGURED MOUTH AND UNSCREWED THE CAP! HE SPAT IT OUT, LAUGHING...

IT'LL BE NICE HERE, FLORENCE! JUST THE TWO OF US... TOGETHER! JUST LIKE IT WAS... BEFORE...

THE ACID SPLASHED INTO MY FACE BURNING THE SKIN! RED-HOT FLAMES SEEMED TO LICK AT MY CHEEKS! SEARING POKERS KNIFED INTO MY EYES! AS THE BLACKNESS CLOSED IN, CEDRIC'S FACE CAME AT ME... HIS SIGHTLESS EYES SMILING! HIS BLISTERED LIPS CLOSED ON MINE AS I PASSED OUT SCREAMING.



HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES! I HOPE YOU LIKED FLORENCE'S BURNING TALE OF LOVE! I HOPE IT DIDN'T GET TO HOT FOR YOU! SHE TOLD IT TO ME FROM A HOSPITAL BED! BEFORE I LEFT HER, I PEEKED UNDER THE BANDAGES! UGH! SHE WAS ALMOST AS UGLY AS ME! AND YOU CAN SEE HOW GIV THAT IS BY SENDING FOR MY PHOTO! THE OLD WITCH TELLS HOW YOU CAN

GET IT IN HER COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE! IT FOLLOWS THE TEXT WHICH FOLLOWS ME!







# NIGHTMARE!

This last week had been a *nightmare*, John Bradbury thought to himself as he lay taut and sleepless in the darkened bedroom. Ever since he had brought his young bride to their new home, a ghastly succession of events had transpired... events so horrible that John Bradbury was beginning to question his own sanity.

First there had been the *canary*... its cage smashed open and its neck mangled! Bradbury had decided with a shudder that the cat had gotten to it. *That* theory had survived for just one night! Then the cat, itself, had been discovered in the basement... its throat ripped open and the blood drained from the grotesque corpse!

For three nerve-wracking days, he and Ruth had closely watched their Airedale. It must have been *Tippy*, Bradbury concluded with revulsion... he had suggested destroying the dog immediately, but it was Ruth's animal and tearfully she defended it. She had beseeched him to wait... couldn't they allow time for Tippy's innocence to manifest itself?

And then, just the night before, Bradbury had been awakened in the early hours of the morning by Ruth's hideous screams. There, in the hallway, not more than a yard from their own bedroom, was the dog's fast-stiffening body... on its throat the terrible evidence of a vampire's teeth!

It had been a week of nightmare, John Bradbury thought to himself, as he lay stiff and sleepless in the darkened room. The cat and the canary and the dog... all victims of a force which was too gruesome for the human mind to comprehend. Some awful power held this house in its grasp... or was the perpetrator of these harrowing incidents someone

who lived *here*? With a choking sob John Bradbury thrust the thought from his mind... there must be some *other* explanation!

A sudden sound electrified him: the door knob was turning and a glimmer from the hallway probed into the bedroom. He felt the tension pressing in around him like a smothering shroud... there, walking towards him and looking almost ghostly in the eerie light, was Ruth Bradbury.

Suddenly the terrible truth was so obvious that it was all Bradbury could do to restrain himself from shouting it aloud. The *vampire*... the ghoulish monster who swallowed its victim's blood... must be his *own wife*! There could be no other explanation... and she was coming now to claim her next victim!

Now she was peering down at him with glittering eyes and, in that moment, he sat bolt upright in bed, no longer able to feign sleep. Fear such as he had never known before shuddered through his body and set his limbs atremble. Ruth's face was coming closer and closer...

In that second of supreme desperation his mind went blank and he felt himself whirling helplessly down a long murky corridor... spinning... careening wildly. It may have been seconds later... or could it have been aeons?... that he recovered consciousness. There had been a strange familiarity to his blanking-out... was it possible that Ruth had been poisoning or doping him in order to get him out of the way?

Slowly he opened his eyes. There, at the foot of the bed, Ruth leered at him... her mouth twisted in a savage leer. On her throat were the unmistakable marks of the savage VAMPIRE!

And on the trembling fingers which John Bradbury held before his unbelieving eyes was the warm sticky blood of his latest victim... the blood which he must have wiped from his lips just seconds after he had...  
own wife!



# *King Size* **Model-Craft** *Modeling and Coloring with* *the Magic of Clay*

This delightful hobby will not only develop your artistic talents, but will make money for you. You can sell them as is, or you can paint and color them to order. (This is why Model-Craft is so popular.)

Model-Craft is a fascinating hobby that will provide many hours of enjoyment. Each set contains rubber molds from which can be cast as many plaster models as desired; a supply of modeling powder; high quality, non-poisonous paints; complete instructions and all equipment necessary for making realistic, brightly colored miniature models. It is easy to use and absolutely safe.

Model-Craft is a newly designed art that blends modeling and coloring into a delightful hobby for adults and children alike. With Model-Craft you can create artistic and life-like figures for your parties - new and beautiful gifts for your friends.



To: Art Products, Dept. 4, Station 2, New York, N.Y.  
 I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Send me the Model-Craft  
 200 ☐ Figurines ☐ Pirates  
☐ Send it C.O.D. I'll pay postman plus postage.  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROV \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ If you remit in full with this coupon we prepay all delivery charges.



LEARN THE TRUTH  
ABOUT

# THE INSIDE STORY OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING!

## A COMPLETE WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S WHAT OF WRESTLING

Chock full of interesting, never-before published inside information from Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and every wrestling conscious city and town throughout America and Canada. Intimate personal life stories of the stars in the ring and at home. Anecdotes of the 'greats' of yesterday and today. Women wrestlers. The humorous side of wrestling. Most frequently asked questions and answers.

## HOW IS YOUR? WRESTLING I.Q.?

DID ANTONINO ROCCA ONCE KILL A MAN IN A WRESTLING MATCH? . . . WHY DID PRIMO CARNERA RETURN TO THE RING AS A WRESTLER? . . . WHAT IS THE INSIDE STORY OF THE FEUD BETWEEN MR. AMERICA GENE STANLEE AND NATURE BOY BUDDY ROGERS?



WHIPPER  
BILLY WATSON

YVON ROBERT



Canadian wrestling

Whipper Billy Watson is here seen tossing the 'Masked Terrible' in a recent Toronto bout.

Find out the truth and the amazing answer to these and countless other questions in this great new book.  
**JUST OFF THE PRESSES!**

## SEND NO MONEY!

Enclose \$1.00 with your order or send C.O.D. plus postage — but order now! Money back guarantee if not fully pleased. Here is a book that since it has been published has become the most talked about book for every wrestling fan. It contains everything every follower of the sport wants to know — life stories of the stars of yesterday and today — Gene Stanlee, Nature Boy, Primo Carnera, Whipper Billy Watson, and many more.

It's the wrestling WHO'S WHO — with complete life stories of the stars of the sport. You'll find out the inside story of the lives of the stars of the sport. You'll find out the inside story of the lives of the stars of the sport. You'll find out the inside story of the lives of the stars of the sport.

## EVERYTHING YOU'VE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE STARS.. ALL IN ONE BIG BOOK!

Complete facts and figures  
Glossary of terms and holds.  
Top holds of leading stars  
plainly illustrated and  
diagrammed  
How to break holds.  
Counter measures  
Great matches of all time  
HUNDREDS OF ACTION  
PHOTOS OF MAIL AND  
FEMALE WRESTLING  
THE ONE COMPLETE BOOK  
ON WRESTLING

ONE DOLLAR POSTPAID

Dominion Mail Order Agency  
2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto



### RUSH NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

DOMINION MAIL ORDER AGENCY  
2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

Please enclose ☐ postpaid ☐ copies of  
THE WRESTLING SCENE @ \$1.00 per copy. Enclosed

C.O.D.

Send C.O.D. I'll pay postage

CASH

ADDRESS

CITY

Prov.



HERE'S A TALE THAT SHOULD  
DRIVE YOU BUGS! I CALL IT...

# EXTERMINATION



RALPH SLAMMED HARD ON THE BRAKES AND HIS SMALL PANEL TRUCK SQUEALED TO A STOP BEFORE THE WHITE WALL OF THE STEEPLY RISING HILL. HE LOOKED AT THE MASSIVE NUMBER TACKLED ON THE FRONT DOOR OF THE BUILDING, AND SMILED...

TWELVE-TWENTY-ONE! THIS IS THE PLACE!



RALPH SIGHED WEARILY AS HE MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE REAR OF THE TRUCK, UNLATCHED THE TAIL DOORS, AND PULLED THEM TOWARD HIM! INSIDE, A CLUTTER OF CANS, BOXES, TANKS, HOSES, PUMPS AND OTHER ASSORTED EQUIPMENT LAY STORAGED NEATLY ON THE SIDES OF THE TRUCK, IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS, WERE THE WORDS, 'AJAX PESTICIDES'.

THANK HEAVENS THIS IS MY LAST STOP! DAY! I'M FINISHED!





A WIDE-EYED, PALE-FACED, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN PEERED AT RALPH FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS AS HE MOVED UP THE WALK TO THE FRONT DOOR. RALPH GRINNED BACK AT HER AND SHE DISAPPEARED! THEN THE DOOR OPENED AND SHE STOOD THERE EMBARRASSED.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! DID YOU HAVE TO PARK YOUR TRUCK RIGHT IN FRONT? NOW ALL THE NEIGHBORS WILL KNOW!

HUH? AW, COME ON, LADY! IT AIN'T NO CRIME TO HAVE BED-BUGS!

THE WOMAN'S FINGER SHOT TO HER LIPS AND SHE LOOKED UP AND DOWN THE STREET, HER FACE FLUSHING BEET-RED.

SH-H-H! DON'T TALK SO LOUD! SOMEONE WILL HEAR YOU! COME IN!

YEAH! WHERE'S THE BEDROOM, HUH?

THE WHITE-FACED LADY CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND RALPH AND TOOK ONE LAST LOOK OUT OF THE CURTAINED WINDOW! THEN SHE POINTED A THIN ARM...

RALPH STAMPEDED INTO THE BEDROOM AND APPROACHED THE BED! HE FLUNG THE MATTRESS BACK AND STUDIED IT CAREFULLY...

BITE! THEY SUCK YOUR BLOOD, THAT'S WHAT THEY DO! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE IN THE TUFTS AND FOLDS OF THIS MATTRESS!

CAN YOU KILL THEM?

IN THERE! IS IT GOING TO EMF...?

DON'T KNOW YET! GOTTA SEE FIRST!

YEAH, YOU GOT 'EM, LADY! BUT GOOD!

I KNOW! THEY THEY BITE!

ARE YOU KIDDING, LADY? DON'T YOU READ THE SIGN ON MY TRUCK? I'VE KILLED MORE BED-BUGS, ROACHES, ANTS, RATS, MICE, MOTHS, TERMITES AND OTHER PESTS THAN ANY OTHER EXTERMINATOR IN THIS TOWN!

YOU SAY THAT 'LIKE. LIKE YOU ENJOY KILLING THEM!

THE SMILE FADED ON RALPH'S FACE AND HIS EYES GREW DARK! HE GRIMACED AT THE INFESTED MATTRESS ANGRILY...

YOU BET I ENJOY KILLING 'EM! I HATE 'EM! HATE 'EM!

ER...AH, YES! I I SEE! ER, HOW DO YOU KILL BED-BUGS, MR. MR



FOR A MOMENT, RALPH WAS SILENT, STARING AT THE BED WITH WIDE GLARING EYES! THEN THE CLOUD LIFTED FROM HIS FACE AND HE SMILED

HUH? OH! MY NAME'S RALPH MELLON! YOU CAN CALL ME RALPH, LADY

HOW DO YOU *KILL* BED-BUGS, RALPH?

ALL ACCORDING! IF THEY'RE *INSIDE* THE MATTRESS, WE CAN *STEAM* 'EM OUT! THEY CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING OVER 125 DEGREES! AS FOR THE FOLDS AND TUFTS, A SPRAY OF DDT WILL WIPE 'EM OUT

IN THE MATTRESS! OH, DEAR!

AW! YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, LADY! THEY'RE NOT *INSIDE* THIS MATTRESS! I LOOKED IT OVER! WELL! GOTTA GET TO WORK!

WHILE RALPH BEGAN TO SPRAY THE MATTRESS WITH THE LETHAL DDT, HE CONTINUED TO CHATTER TO THE WOMAN

TERMITES IS FUN TO KILL! YOU GIVE 'EM A CLOUD OF *CYANIDE GAS*! KNOCKS 'EM FOR A LOOP!

CYANIDE GAS?

YEP! 'GOOD FOR ANTS, TOO' NOW *COCKROACHES* IS TOUGHER! GOTTA DUST THEM WITH *SODIUM FLUORIDE* OR *POWDERED BORAX* TO KILL 'EM!

UGH! I *HATE* COCK-ROACHES!

*RATS!* THEY'RE THE *HARDEST!* THEY'RE SMART...THOSE BABIES! *POISONED BAIT'S* GOOD FOR THEM UNTIL THEY GET *WISE* AND *AVOID* IT! THEN YOU GOTTA *CHANGE THE BAIT...* AND THE *POISON!*

YOU MEAN THEY *KNOW* AFTER A WHILE?

YOU SAID IT! THEY'RE *SMART!* ONCE I MADE AN *ELECTRIC TRAP*...YOU KNOW...KILL 'EM WITH AN *ELECTRIC SHOCK!* GOT *ONE...THAT'S ALL!* THE *REST* OF 'EM *STEERED CLEAR!* ONLY GOT *ONE* WHEREVER I WENT WITH THE THING! AFTER *ONE* IN EVERY PLACE. THEY *KNOW!*

DEAR ME! I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS SO MUCH TO EXTERMINATING PESTS!



...UP INTO HIS  
KIT AND LIT A CIGARETTE! HIS EYES  
...AS ... BEEN  
THROUGH A DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.  
YEP! THERE'S *PLENTY* YOU...YOU  
TO EXTERMINATIN! LOVE IT?



RALPH'S FACE BRIGHTENED! HE  
BEAMED...

YEAH! I LIKE TO KILL 'EM!  
IT MAKES ME *FEEL GOOD!*  
I MUSTA KILLED...MAYBE...  
A THOUSAND BED-  
BUGS...JUST NOW!



HIS EYES WERE WIDE AND STARING  
N.W.

BET I'VE KILLED A MILLION  
COCKROACHES! TEN THOUSAND  
RATS! HALF-A-MILLION BED-  
BUGS...TEN MILLION ANTS...



THAT NIGHT, WHEN RALPH MELLON... EXTERMINATOR,  
GOT HOME, HE SUNK WEARILY INTO A CHAIR! HE SAT  
THERE FOR A WHILE STARING BLANKLY AHEAD OF

...MET A ED ME A  
SADIST! SAID I LIKE TO INFLICT  
ON THEIR CREATURES!  
AS IF A BUG CAN FEEL ANY PAIN!



RALPH SAT THERE FOR A WHILE, CHUCKLING! THEN A  
MOVEMENT CAUGHT HIS EYE! SOMETHING MOVING ACROSS  
THE FLOOR... BEFORE HIM...



RALPH JUMPED UP! HE STRODE OVER TO WHERE THE  
SLIMY BROWN COCKROACH HAD HESITATED ON THE FLOOR,  
SWEEPING ITS FEELERS ABOUT FROM RIGHT TO LEFT...  
AS IF IT SENSED IMPENDING DANGER! RALPH'S EYES  
GLARED! A CRUEL SMILE GROSSED HIS HARD FACE!  
HE RAISED HIS FOOT... SLOWLY...



RALPH BROUGHT DOWN HIS HEEL ON THE STICKY  
90° AN BACK OF THE BLACK GRINDING THE INSECT  
INTO THE FLOOR! THE CRACKLE OF ITS SHELL-  
LIKE BODY WAS SUDDENLY DROWNED OUT BY AN  
EERIE SP-LITTING SHRIEK...





IT WAS AS IF THE SCREAM HAD BEEN A SIGNAL! SUDDENLY THE WALLS AROUND RALPH WERE FILLED WITH THE SCRATCHING PATTERN OF THOUSANDS OF CLAWS!

WHAT'S THAT?  
RATS!

AND THEN THE HUMMING STARTED! THE DRONE OF HUNDREDS OF PAIRS OF WINGS!

MOths'  
THOUSANDS  
OF EM!

THEN THE TERMITES BEGAN TO COME FROM THE WALLS... AND THE ANTS OF THEM... STREAMING TOWARDS HIM!

TERMITES! THE ANTS!  
AFTER ME!

AND THEN THE ROACHES AND THE ANTS CAME... FROM THE CEILING! IN THE WALLS! THEY KEPT COMING... AND COMING...

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT  
OF HERE!

RALPH TURNED TO RUN BUT THEN HE SAW THE RATS BARRING THE WAY! THEIR PHOSPHORESCENT TEETH GLEAMING!

OH, LORD! I'M  
SURROUNDED!

A SWARM OF BED-BUGS CRAWLED FROM THE WORN FURNITURE... MOVING TOWARD RALPH!

BED-BUGS! MILLIONS  
OF THEM!

THE HUMMING GREW DEAFENING! A CLOUD OF MOths HURLED AT RALPH, LANDING ON HIS ARM! HIS LEGS! HIS BACK!

HELP! THEY'RE EATING AWAY  
MY CLOTHES!



RALPH STARTED TO RUN BUT THE RATS WERE UPON HIM! THEIR SLASHING TEETH CUT INTO HIS ANKLES! HE WENT

BRUHHH...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

THE RED BUGS POURED OVER HIM, SUCKING HIS BLOOD SILENTLY. HE FELT WEAK...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THE RATS, TEARING AT HIS FLESH... THE TERMITES, DRILLING INTO HIS BONES... THE ELECTRIFYING SENSATION OF THEIR BURROWING...

OH, LORD! THEY'RE KILLING ME!

AND THEN RALPH WAS AWAKE! HE SAT BOLT-UPRISHT, HEARD THEIR AND STARED ABOUT HIM! HE WAS COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION! HE BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF...

THANK GOD! I WAS ONLY A DREAM... A HORRIBLE DREAM!

RALPH SAT THERE FOR A WHILE, CHUCKLING! THEN A MOVEMENT CAUGHT HIS EYE! SOMETHING MOVING ACROSS THE FLOOR... BEFORE HIM

HUH? WHUZZAT? A COCKROACH!

RALPH JUMPED UP ANGRILY! ALL HIS PENT-UP EMOTION FROM THE DREAM HE'D JUST EXPERIENCED SPILLED OVER! ENRAGED, HE STRODE TO WHERE THE SLIMY BROWN INSECT HAD HESITATED...

SCREAMING COCKROACHES! BAH!

RALPH BROUGHT HIS HEEL DOWN ON THE STICKY BACK OF THE ROACH, GRINDING THE CRACKLING SHELL-LIKE BODY INTO THE FLOOR! SUDDENLY, FEAR CLUTCHED AT RALPH MELLON'S HEART... CRAWLING, COLD FEAR! THE COCKROACH WAS SHRIEKING...

GOOD LORD!

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

WELL, KIDDIES! THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN! SUPPOSE WE LEAVE RALPH (AND HIS INEVITABLE END) TO THE BUGS... AND GO ON TO OTHER THINGS! LIKE FOR EXAMPLE, THE CRYPT KEEPER

IS WAITING TO TELL YOU HIS HORROR STORY! ER... WHAT'S THAT YOU ASK? WHAT HAPPENS TO RALPH? WHY IT'S SO SIMPLE! THE EXTERMINATOR GETS EXTERMINATED BY ALL THE PESTS HE ONCE PESTERED! DOESN'T THAT GIVE YOU A CRAW-W-WLY FEELING? IT'S SO... SO QUAIN'T! 'BYE,



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, AGAIN.. WELCOMING YOU TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! COME IN! SIT DOWN NEXT TO ME AND I'LL 'ENTERTAIN' YOU WITH ONE OF MY TERRORIZING TALES GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! THIS TIME I'VE CHOSEN, FROM MY JEALOUSLY GUARDED COLLECTION OF BLOOD-CURDLERS, A FAVORITE OF MINE CALLED...

**EAR TODAY...  
GONE TOMORROW!**



A GENTLE MARCH WIND SWEEPED LIGHTLY OVER THE GRAVESTONES, CARESSING THEIR TIME WORN FACES! BEYOND THE RUSTING IRON FENCE THAT KEPT INTRUDERS FROM DISTURBING THOSE WHO SLEPT BELOW THE THAWING GROUND, A RAMSHACKLE FACTORY BUILDING LOOMED... BLACK AND SILENT AGAINST A CHILLY GRAY SKY! ACROSS ITS PAINT-PEELED WALL, FADING LETTERS READ...





HEH, HEH! I SEE BY YOUR  
LEERING FACES, KIDDIES, THAT  
YOUR FIENDISH IMAGINATIONS  
ARE ALREADY RUNNING WILD  
FROM JUST READING THE  
FIRST PANEL! WELL, TAKE  
IT EASY, CRUMBS! IT'S  
MY STORY... NOT YOURS!  
TO GO ON...



IN THE OFFICE OF THE SRO  
AND UNGEN FERTILIZER COM-  
PANY, IRWIN, THE  
SENIOR PARTNER, SHOUTED  
HOARSELY INTO A PHONE.  
I TOLD YOU, SYE! YOU'LL  
GET YOUR MONEY! JUST  
GIVE ME A FEW MORE  
DAYS! THAT'S ALL I...



IRWIN TURNED... RED-FACED  
AND STARED AT HIS JUNIOR  
PARTNER, ELLIOT UNGER...

HE HUNG UP  
ON ME!



IT'S NO USE, ELLIOT!  
IT WOULDN'T DO ANY  
GOOD! SYE JUST  
WON'T GIVE US ANY  
MORE CREDIT! HE  
WANTS TO BE PAID!



BUT, THIS  
ORDER! IF WE  
COULD FILL  
IT, HE'D GET  
HIS MONEY!



WHAT  
ORDER?



THIS ONE! IT CAME IN THIS  
MORNING! A RUSH! ONE  
THOUSAND POUNDS OF  
BONE-MEAL FERTILIZER!  
HOW CAN WE FILL IT IF  
HE WON'T SELL US THE  
SCRAP BONES?



IRWIN SNATCHED THE WHITE SHEET OF  
PAPER FROM ELLIOT'S HAND

LET'S SEE THAT ORDER!  
HMMMM! ONE THOUSAND  
POUNDS BONE-MEAL  
DELIVERED MONDAY!  
MONDAY! IMPOSSIBLE!  
TODAY IS FRIDAY!



IF WE CAN'T  
LOCATE ANOTHER  
SCRAP WHOLESALER  
TO SELL US THE  
BONES TODAY...  
WE'LL LOSE  
THE ORDER!

STOP PIPE-DREAMING!  
YOU KNOW NO OTHER  
SCRAP-DEALER IN TOWN  
WILL SELL TO US ON  
CREDIT! SYE WAS  
OUR ONLY CHANCE,  
AND HE WON'T GIVE  
US ANY MORE! HE  
JUST SAYS SO!  
YOU HEARD...



ELLIOT! THAT  
ORDER COULD PULL  
US OUT OF THE  
RED IF WE HAD  
THE STUFF TO  
FILL IT, EH?  
WELL, I THINK  
I KNOW WHERE  
WE CAN GET  
IT!



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SO YOU GUESSED IT ALL THE TIME! SO YOU'RE *REAL CLEVER!* SO GIMME A CHANCE! LOOK! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY! THERE'S A MIDDLE AND AN END! LET'S GO ON



IRWIN STARED OUT OF THE OFFICE WINDOW AT THE RUN-DOWN OLD CEMETERY LYING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE FACTORY BUILDING...

IRWIN! WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHERE CAN YOU GET IT?

COME HERE... TO THE WINDOW!



IRWIN POINTED OUT AT THE ~~CHUCKED~~ WEATHER BEATEN GRAVESTONES...

THERE!

WHA...? THE CEMETERY! GOOD LORD!



WHAT'S *WRONG*, ELLIOT? AFRAID? THAT'S A VERY OLD CEMETERY!



YES! *HISTORIC!* IF ANYONE FOUND US DIGGING IT UP, THEY'D *LOCK US UP* AND *THROW AWAY THE KEY!* I KNOW THE FOLKS IN THIS TOWN! THEY'RE *PROUD* OF THAT ANCIENT LANDMARK!

BESIDES! THEY SAY THAT GRAVE YARD IS *HAUNTED!* ONCE A *GRAVE-ROBBER* WAS FOUND... SPRAWLED NEAR A GRAVE HE'D OPENED! HE'D BEEN *CHOKED TO DEATH!* THEY SAID THE *CORPSE* DID IT!



OTHER GRAVE-ROBBER PROBABLY CAME ALONG! THAT'S JUST A *STORY* THEY COOKED UP TO *SCARE PEOPLE!*

AND YOU DON'T THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT WE'D *DIG UP* THE BONES WE NEED WHERE WE'D BE *SEEN*, DO YOU?



WELL, HOW *ELSE* CAN WE GET THEM?

SIMPLE! WE *TUNNEL* TO THEM FROM THE *CELLAR* OF THIS FACTORY! WE COULD TAKE *ALL* WE NEED AND NO ONE WOULD BE THE WISER!



I NEVER *THOUGHT* THAT!



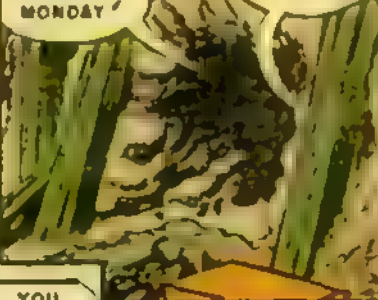
HE'D BEEN HERE WHEN YOU, EN  
 I MUST BE **SLIPPING!** WELL,  
 LET'S GO AHEAD WITH OUR  
 GRUESOME LITTLE TALE AND  
 SEE IF I CAN **OUTSMART**  
 YOU! READY? GOOD! THAT  
 NIGHT...



...THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIK-  
 ING SOFT EARTH ECHOED THROUGH  
 THE EMPTY FACTORY! A CARP-  
 NOL HOLE TAWNER IN THE CELLAR  
 WALL! THE TUNNEL HAD BEEN  
 STARTED...

THIS IS... UGH...  
 SLOW WORK...  
 IRWIN! I DON'T  
 THINK WE CAN  
 DO IT... BY  
 MONDAY!

DON'T WORRY!  
 WE'LL BE  
 THROUGH  
 IN TIME!  
 KEEP  
 DIGGING!



ALL NIGHT THE TWO MEN  
 WORKED! FINALLY, TOWARD  
 MIDNIGHT THEY STRUCK THE  
 FIRST COFFIN...

A COFFIN!  
 WE'VE REACHED  
 A COFFIN!

WE'LL DON'T  
 JUST **KNEEL**  
 THERE... **STAR-**  
**ING! CHOP IT**  
**OPEN!**



N-N-NO? YOU,  
 DO IT, IRWIN!

ONE SIDE, YOU  
 SNIVELING COWARD!



IRWIN CRAWLED PAST ELLIOT AND JABBED THE SPADE  
 SAVAGELY INTO THE BLACK WORM-EATEN BOX BEFORE HIM!  
 THE SIDE GAVE WAY WITH A-SICKENING CRUNCH AND A  
 FOUL SMELL BURNED THEIR NOSTRILS...

PHEW! WHAT  
 AN ODOR!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? PERFUME?  
 LOOK AT THE HOLE I SMASHED! THE  
 WOOD IS SO OLD AND ROTTE! IT  
 GIVES LIKE PAPER!



IRWIN SCOOPED THE CONTENTS OF THE COFFIN  
 OUT ONTO THE TUNNEL FLOOR! BLEACHED BONES,  
 COVERED WITH TATTERED REMAINS OF CLOTHING,  
 SPILLED OUT! A GRINNING WHITE SKULL ROLLED  
 FORWARD, STARING AT THEM WITH HOLLOW

BLANK EYES!

UGH! PWN! I  
 AM **FRIGHTENED!**

STOP ACTING  
 LIKE A CHILD,  
 ELLIOT!



CRAWL BACK TO THE GELLAR  
 AND BRING A SACK! WE'VE  
 GOT A LOT **MORE** COFFINS  
 TO LOCATE TO FILL THAT  
 ORDER!

Y YES, IRWIN!  
 I'M GOING!





HEH, HEH! WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW, CREEPS? THINK MAYBE THE TUNNEL'S GOING TO CAVE IN? NOPEY! NOTHING SO UNIMAGINATIVE! THE CORPSE COMES TO LIFE? DEAR, NO! KEEP GUESSING...AND GO ON READING...



SOON, ELLIOT RETURNED WITH THE SACK...

HERE'S THE SACK, IRWIN!



FILL IT UP WITH THE BONES FROM THE COFFIN I OPENED THERE! I THINK I'VE HIT ANOTHER COFFIN...HERE!



Y. YES, IRWIN!

AH! WE'RE IN LUCK! THIS IS ANOTHER ONE! WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, TAKE THE SACK BACK TO THE CELLAR AND BRING AN EMPTY ONE!



AND SO ALL DAY SATURDAY AND INTO SATURDAY NIGHT THE TWO PARTNERS DIG! THE SACKS OF BONES PILED UP... HIGHER AND HIGHER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE ENOUGH, ELLIOT! YOU CAN STOP DIGGING IN THERE!

OKAY, IRWIN!



SUNDAY MORNING FOUND THE TWO MEN BUSY EMPTYING THE SACKS OF BONES INTO THE GRINDING MACHINES...

JUST THINK, ELLIOT! WITH THE MONEY WE GET FROM THIS ORDER, WE CAN PAY OUR DEBTS!

WE'RE IN BUSINESS AGAIN, IRWIN!



THE GRIND-UP BONES WERE PACKED IN SACKS AND LOADED ON THE TRUCK.

THIS IS THE LAST BAG! IN THE MORNING WILLY CAN DRIVE IT OVER AND DELIVER IT!

WHEW! I'M EXHAUSTED! I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK!



THEN THE CELLAR WALL WAS REPAIRED...

THERE! THE OPENING IS ALL CEMENTED UP! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT! BY THE WAY, ELLIOT! STILL BELIEVE THOSE STORIES ABOUT THE GRAVEYARD BEING HAUNTED?

I... I GUESS NOT, IRWIN!





HEH, HEH! S'MATTER, KIDDIES? RUNNING OUT OF GUESSES? NO, NOTHING HAPPENED TO IRWIN AND ELLIOT! IN FACT, AFTER THAT, BUSINESS WAS *PRETTY GOOD!* BILLS WERE PAID! MORE ORDERS POURED IN! THEY BECAME QUITE WEALTHY! THAT FALL...



WELL, IRWIN! THE SEASON'S ALMOST OVER! I THINK YOU AND I DESERVE A VACATION!



GOOD IDEA, ELLIOT!

WHAT SAY WE DRIVE UPSTATE TO SOME HOTEL AND TAKE A GOOD REST?

SOUNDS GREAT! WHEN DO WE LEAVE?



THE NEXT DAY, IRWIN AND ELLIOT CLOSED THEIR FERTILIZER FACTORY AND STARTED OUT ON THEIR VACATION! THEY DROVE ALL DAY... BUT TOWARDS EVENING...

WE'D BETTER FIND A PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT, ELLIOT! IT'S GETTING DARK!

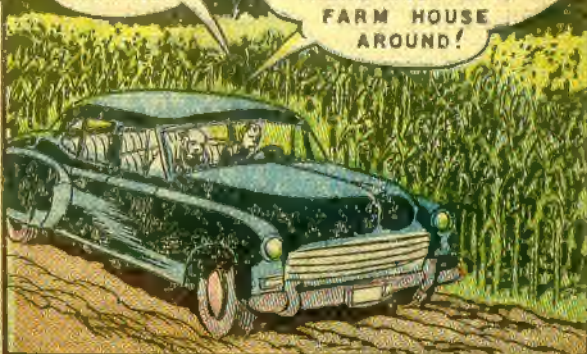
YEAH! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND...UH... WHAT THE...?



THE ENGINE SPUTTERED AND STALLED! THE CAR COASTED TO A STOP! DARKNESS WAS CLOSING IN...

BLAST IT! WE'RE OUT OF GAS!

LOOK! WE'VE STOPPED BESIDE A CORN FIELD! THERE MUST BE A FARM HOUSE AROUND!



THE TWO MEN GOT OUT OF THEIR CAR AND STARTED ACROSS THE CORN FIELD BETWEEN THE TOWERING ROWS OF STILL-UNHARVESTED CORN...

GOLLY, THIS CORN GROWS TALL! IT'S WAY OVER OUR HEADS!

HURRY! IT'S GETTING DARK! THIS WAY...DOWN THIS FURROW...



IRWIN AND ELLIOT MOVED THROUGH THE ROWS OF GREEN STALKS...PEERING AHEAD OF THEM... SEARCHING FOR A LIGHT... A SIGN OF A FARM HOUSE...

EERIE, ISN'T IT, ELLIOT?

I...I'M AFRAID, IRWIN!





HEH, HEH! THEY SHOULD BE, EH, KIDDIES? IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT THE FARMER WHOSE CORN FIELD IRWIN AND ELLIOT ARE CROSSING IS THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE THOUSAND POUNDS OF BONE-MEAL FERTILIZER MADE FROM THE BODIES IN THE CEMETERY! IN FACT, THE BONE-MEAL WAS USED TO FERTILIZE THIS CORN! RIGHT NOW, THE GREEN STALKS ARE THROBBING WITH PHOSPHATES SUCKED UP THROUGH THEIR ROOTS...PHOSPHATES FROM...BONES... HUMAN BONES!



SUDDENLY, IRWIN CRIED OUT...

ELLIOT!  
SOMETHING'S  
GOT MY FOOT!  
HELP ME!  
I'M CAUGHT!

IT'S PROBABLY  
JUST A ROOT!  
COME ON!



THEN...IRWIN SCREAMED IN PAIN! ELLIOT SPUN AROUND, SQUINTING INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS...

YAAAAAAHH!

IRWIN!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?



ELLIOT STARED AT HIS STRUGGLING PARTNER! STRINGY ROOTS TWINED ABOUT HIS ANKLES! THE GREEN STALKS AROUND HIM BENT FORWARD...THRASHING...WHIPPING...

GOOD LORD!



ELLIOT TURNED AND BEGAN TO RUN! HE SCRAMBLED DOWN THE FURROWS BETWEEN ROWS OF TOWERING CORN! GLAWING VINE-LIKE SHOOTS REACHED OUT AT HIM...SLAPPING AT HIS FACE...WRAPPING AROUND HIS ANKLES! BEHIND HIM, IRWIN'S SCREAMS WERE HYSTERICAL NOW...

THE CORN! IT'S TRYING TO  
KILL US! IT'S GOT IRWIN!  
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!



IN THE MORNING, THE FARMER AND HIS HIRED HANDS THAT HAD COME TO HELP WITH THE HARVESTING OF THE CORN FOUND THE TWO FERTILIZER MEN! ELLIOT HUNG, IMPALED, UPON THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE! IRWIN LAY SOME THIRTY FEET BEHIND...

CAIN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY'VE  
BEEN BEATEN TO A PULP...  
EACH OF THEM!

LOOK AT THE  
CORN-COBS!  
THEIR HUSKS  
HAVE BEEN  
RIPPED AWAY...

...AND  
THEY'RE  
COVERED  
WITH BLOOD!



HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE STORY, KIDDIES! YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER FOR A SURPRISE, EH? WELL, I HOPE YOU LIKED THIS LITTLE HORROR YARN! IRWIN AND ELLIOT'S BATTERED BODIES HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST NOW...IN A PICTURESCUE LITTLE CEMETERY! ONLY ONE THING MARS THE BEAUTY OF THE SPOT! THERE'S A FACTORY RIGHT NEXT TO IT! WHAT'S THE SIGN SAY? ER... FRANKFURTERS? HMM! 'BYE, NOW! DON'T FORGET TO FEED THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE TO FIND OUT HOW TO OBTAIN AN ACTUAL PHOTO OF ME! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT!





# Unique and Outstanding Book Acknowledged by Those Who Bought it

ANYWAY YOU **LOOK AT IT**

## Its the **MUST** book every family wants...

a treasury of clever, practical ways to  
save money, time and work in every  
department of daily living.

- 198 ways to save money, work and time in the kitchen—how to turn leftovers and "waste" foods into tempting treats, etc.;
- Practical tips on the art of selecting, wearing and caring for clothes;
- How to look at "Blue Monday" through rose-colored glasses...laundering, cleaning, ironing and moth proofing hints;

*Who would have thought so many people  
would write and say  
"Thank you".*

"Your book was like a raise in pay for us, such practical information from famous experts gave us the same results as a bigger income"

Mrs Thos B Gray.

"The book is a life-saver Every page is crammed with useful hints and ideas that save you work or money, or both"

O L. Bradford

"I am satisfied in every way and recommend your book in highest terms"

Jacob Euschner.



This is the book which according to one Bank President is worth hundreds of dollars a year to every depositor who gets a copy and follows the advice given

• 128 pages • 40 chapter illustrations • Convenient digest size 5 1/2" x 8" • A complete index containing 1500 references  
Special \$1.00 postpaid  
Sent C.O.D. plus postage if desired

DOMINION MAIL ORDER AGENCY  
2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.



## A Gold-Mine of Practical, Clever Hints that Include--

- Quick, easy ways to remove 50 different kinds of spots and stains;
- Needlecraft magic—tips on remake, remodeling, repairing clothes and household textiles; Housecleaning shortcuts and wife-savers;
- Conservation hints that reduce electric, gas and phone bills.  
More heat from less fuel—heating money-savers and safety-first hints
- Fix-it-yourself guide to simple house repairs; Your car mileage-stretchers, fuel-savers, car preservers;
- Pointers for insurance policyholders that increase protection while reducing premium costs;
- Do's and don'ts when buying a home or farm, etc.

**MAIL THIS  
COUPON TODAY**

### Dominion Mail Order Agency

2382 Dundas St. W. Toronto Ont

- ☐ Please send me C.O.D. for \$1.00 plus postage the book  
"Beat The High Cost of Living"
- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 send the book "Beat The High Cost  
of Living" prepaid

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROV \_\_\_\_\_